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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN

CHAPTER XI.

THE letter of Netterville appeared to cast a gloom over the features both of Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter, which, in a few days, was dissipated, to give place to a tender remembrance of his many amiable qualites; a sigh of regret would insensibly steal from the bosom of the latter, as she remembered the many happy hours she had spent in his society, and retraced, in imagination, the warmth and energy of his manner, whenever he addressed himself to her. She folded his note carefully, and placed it in her pocket-book unnoticed by her mother, and not unfrequently anticipated the hope it held out of days of happiness and pleasure, when they should meet again: in the simplicity of her heart she cherished every recollection of the past, and by frequent reflections and meditations on the same object a more tender and lasting degree of fondness sprung up in her bosom, which continued to strengthen as time insensibly stole away; and as her hopes of again seeing him evaporated, yet, whenever she reflected on this subject, she constantly perused his last legacy, and generally concluded in sorrow, being convinced misfortune alone would have prevented their hearing from him again; yet what those misfortunes might be to which he had often alluded in their frequent conversations, she was at a loss to divine; and, of his future prospecst in life, she was equally ignorant; for he had never, during their acquaintance, mentioned a single circumstance respecting his family.—Mrs. Walsingham, who had long laboured under a complication of disorders, now grew rapidly worse, and the whole of Clara's attention was directed towards her. It was on the evening of a cold day, towards the latter end of September, that as Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter were quietly seated at the supper-table, an express arrived, which called on the former to attend her father, who had received a violent paralytic stroke, and had intirely lost the use of his limbs. Mrs. Walsingham had been bred a Quaker; her renouncing that persuasion, and her subsequent marriage with Mr. Walsingham, a clergyman of the church of England, had caused a lasting breach between her and her father.—Mr. Nutcombe being reduced to a state of imbecility, an old servant, who had resided in the family before the birth of Mrs. Walsingham, now dispatched an express to her, as being the only proper person to take the command of her father's family. Zephaniah had loved Mrs. Walsingham from her childhood, and not being biggotted to any particular mode of faith, he rejoiced in an opportunity of restoring her to the possessions of her ancestors; and flattered himself, that if she was once more reinstated in her paternal mansion, his master's recovery would ensue, and a perfect reconciliation take place. Mrs. Walsingham's agitation was too great to be able to speak for some time; at length she exclaimed, "O my Clara! haste, and prepare yourself, not a moment is to be lost!"—"My beloved mother," cried Clara, "suffer me to go to my grandfather alone, and do not in the present delicate state of your health, hazard so long a journey—do not I beseech you, hazard a life a thousand times more precious than my own!"—"Alas, my child!" replied Mrs. Walsingham, "you know not what a relief it will be to my harassed mind, if I can only behold him once more—years," continued she, clasping her hands—"long and cheerless years of misery, have I endured since this cruel father banished me his presence, and but for you, my love, I could never have survived it—God, however, has supported me—hasten, and prepare yourself, I would not for all the world delay a moment. The space of two hours only elapsed, ere Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter were seated in a post-chaise, and pursuing their way to London, where Mr. Nutcombe had resided many years—the mind of Mrs. Walsingham was agitated with fears, lest she should behold her father a lifeless corpse, while that of Clara was racked with a thousand terrors for the consequences which might attend travelling all night in the delicate state of her mother's health.

About noon, the following day, they stopped at the house of Mr. Nutcombe, and now both Clara and her mother dreaded to enquire if Mr. Nutcombe was yet alive—Clara, at length, demanded of the servant who opened the door, how his master did—"Alas!" cried the venerable Zephaniah, wiping away a tear, "he is the same as when I wrote to thy parent."—"O Zephaniah!" cried Mrs. Walsingham, flinging herself into the arms of this faithful domestic, will he not pardon, and acknowledge his daughter?"—"Alas! his understanding is gone," replied the old man, "he will never speak again, I greatly fear—come, my beloved Mary, take some refreshment, thou shalt not see thy father until thou art a little composed."—He now led the

way to an elegant parlour, where he had prepared a repast against their arrival, and soon after they adjourned to the chamber of the invalid—what a sight was there exhibited to the eye of affection!—Mr. Nutcombe lay to all appearance, motionless—he had lost both the use of his limbs and his senses, and the grave appeared to offer a welcome relief to misery like his.—"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham, "Almighty Providence! this is thy dispensation, let me not repine;" and she sank on the ground overcome by her emotions—Clara, and several of her attendants, hastened to her relief, but no beam of recollection appeared to awaken in the mind of Mr. Nutcombe; the bustle in his apartment was disregarded; no glance of delight acknowledged the approach of his only child; every ray of intellect had departed, and darkness, eternal darkness appeared to have shrouded alike the remembrance of pain and pleasure; a filmy glassiness seemed to cover his distended eyes, which were fixed on vacancy; and his distorted features bore but a faint resemblance of what he once was. Clara had her mother instantly put to bed, where she soon recovered her recollection; but the effects of the shock she had received, together with the hurried journey, and the night air, hastened the progress of her distemper, and about a month after her arrival in town, she resigned her pure spirit to him who gave it! Contrary to the expectations of every one, Mr. Nutcombe gradually mended, and Clara now became his chief nurse; the remembrance of her mother instructed her to bear with his infirmities, and to find her own happiness in endeavouring to relieve his pain.—"O my mother!" cried she, mentally, "would to God that you were present, how would you delight in beholding the exertions of your Clara; but I will flatter myself, that you are still an eye-witness of my conduct, and that you will watch over your daughter with angelic tenderness—yes! the thought of your presence will animate my mind to exertion and fortitude—will encourage me in every virtuous and noble effort!"—As soon as Mrs. Walsingham's funeral was over, which at her request had been conducted by Zaphaniah, Clara dispatched a messenger in search of Miss Nutcombe, a maiden sister of her grandfather's, as she thought it prudent to place herself under the direction of some female relative, whose countenance might give a sanction to her appearance and conduct—having arranged every thing previous to her arrival, she awaited with no little anxiety for that time, which was to introduce her to her future companion.—"Zephaniah," said she, "are you personally acquainted with my aunt Gertrude?"—"Ah," cried the old man, shaking his head, "deceive not thyself with vain expectations, she is altogether a follower of the pleasures which profit not—she is lighter than vanity itself; it was, I think, a fear in the mind of thy grandfather, lest thy mother should resemble her, which prevailed over the spirit of meekness, and converted him into a child of wrath."—"Does he yet sleep, Zephaniah?" demanded Clara.—"Yes," returned he, "and I am much deceived if he does not go off one of these days in a kind of a doze, and expire like the snuff of a candle—Ah, Clara Walsingham, Clara Walsingham, thou art young in the world—younger in sorrow; I have known thy family in days long past; I have sorrowed for thy mother's disobedience; I sorrowed more for her perversion to error!"—Clara took out her handkerchief, and walked towards the window, to conceal the emotion excited at his mention of her mother, when who can describe the feelings which took possession of her soul, as she beheld, in an apartment opposite, Lewisham Netterville! with one arm tenderly enfolded round the waist of a beautiful woman, and the other hand replacing a lock of hair which appeared to have strayed from its accustomed confinement; for a few moments her eyes were rivetted to the spot, and in these few moments she saw what has been related, and was herself observed by our hero—Alas!" cried she, tottering towards a seat, "it is not then misfortune which prevented our hearing of Netterville—he has long ceased to remember Clara Walsingham; he has long forgotten K—, its environs, and its inhabitants.—Ah! would to God," continued she bursting into tears, "that I also could cease to remember them—then, indeed, and then only could I hope for felicity—Oh my mother—my more than mother! would to God that I could now reveal to you my folly—would to God that I could lay open my whole soul before you!"—My gentle reader, hast thou ever been in love? if thou hast, I shall make no apology for this relation of *feelings* and *sympathies*; if thou hast not, thou mayest probably learn experience from the errors of others.—Clara's spirits were uncommonly depressed during the rest of the day; and, in her frequent lamentations for the loss of her mother, she ceased not to regret the defection of Lewisham; for her lover he certainly had been, although no profession of a tender kind had escaped from his lips—but eyes are, in general, sad tell-tales; the eyes of Lewisham had frequently revealed unutterable things—and those of Clara easily comprehended their language.

Miss Nutcombe had lately entered into her sixty-fourth year; her person was tall, coarse, and disgusting; her manners were harsh and forbidding; the effect of which was not a little heightened by an awkward imitation of youth and beauty; her dress also was in the extreme of fashion, and in the gayest colours, when, as was the case at this period, not confined to black; she approached her niece with a measured step, and stretching out one hand, turned a cheek towards her, which was well covered with red and white.—Clara, who always acted from feeling, had hurried down to meet her with rapture; but finding her manner so repulsive, retreated a few paces as Miss Nutcombe advanced towards her.—"Why really, child," cried the old lady, mistaking her confusion for bashfulness, "I wonder where you have been brought up, not to have spirit enough to approach a stranger. Come, you must get rid of this *mauvais honte*, it's so vulgar."—Clara now recollected herself, and again advanced towards her, "I am sorry, my dear madam," replied she, wishing to conciliate her regard, "for my inattention, but I was really to much agitated at your entrance to know what I was about."—"Ah, well, I dare say you are a well-meaning girl, and to tell you the truth, I do not wonder at your diffidence: I have been accustomed to inspire awe, for I had always a dignity in my air, a gracefulness in my carriage, a certain *je ne scai quoi* which commanded respect.—Clara could scarcely refrain from smiling at Miss Getrude's idea of grace, but stifling her risible feelings, she requested her aunt to walk into another room, and take some refreshment.—"And how is the poor man?" asked Miss Nutcombe, after they were seated, "it is a sad attack for a person at his time of life."—"Yes, indeed madam," replied Clara, and I fear he never can get over it—his age is much against him."—"Pray Miss Walsingham," laying down her knife and fork, and looking earnestly in her face, "how old do you take my brother to be?"—He

will be seventy-eight, madam, I think Zephaniah told me, in a few days."—"And do you call seventy-eight a great age, Miss Walsingham?—my God, seventy-eight!—well—I should not expect a person to die of *age* at seventy-eight—I know several healthy, strong, lively, agreeable young men, who are older than my brother; yet I cannot speak from my own feeelings, as he is full twenty years my senior."—"Will you not like a glass of wine, madam?" said Clara, wishing to turn the conversation—"Why, child, I think young people should not make too free with those kind of things; for if they do, what will support their old age? you, I suppose, scarcely ever taste any."—Yes, madam, I generally take a couple of glasses every day after dinner."—"Surprising!" cried the lady—"a child like you drink two glasses of wine!"—"Really Miss Walsingham," said the *youthful* Gertrude, as they sat together in the chamber of the invalid, and as she observed her attention to her grandfather, "my niece, your mother must have had strange ideas to suffer a young person of your expectations to officiate in the capacity of a common servant—let me perish if I think I could assist in making a bed if I were to die for it—why you lift in the poor man as if he was nothing—you must really have the strength of a ploughman."—"My grandfather is light both from age and long illness," replied Clara, and appears nothing between two active young people like Catharine and myself, and I really should feel hurt if any person could assist him better than I could, for I was the only attendant my dear mother had until her last illness."—"Well, child," said Miss Gertrude, shrugging up her shoulders, "do as you please, I have no command over you."—Miss Nutcombe now appeared quite in the humour to find fault, and after talking over most of the things about the sick man, and hinting how much better they would be arranged had she had any command, she proceeded to comment on the dress of our heroine.—"Why really, madam," now dropping the appellation of child, "your dress is as plain, ordinary, and vulgar, as if you had not a thousand pounds in the world; I declare I verily think, if you live long with my brother, you will become quite a thee and thou. I never could bear your precise ones; and as soon as ever my father died, I quitted the friends for ever—Heaven help them with their gothic notions!—but your mother," continued she, "was not quite so precise, if I may credit report."—"My mother, madam," interrupted Clara, "was an ornament to her sex, and in every respect what she ought to have been."—Then there was no foundation," retorted the old lady, "in the story of her living with Lord Newark?" Clara was struck dumb, for she had frequently wondered why the last command of her mother had been to submit herself intirely to the guidance of his lordship.—"Good Heavens!" cried she, recovering herself, "what a vile falsehood—no, madam, I will venture to affirm, that both the mind and person of my angelic mother were alike, pure, and nothing but the basest malevolence would dare to think otherwise;" and now finding her longer stay with the invalid unnecessary at present, from his having fallen asleep, she hastened to her own chamber and sitting down on the foot of the bed, burst into a violent flood of tears—"And this, then," cried she, "this is the companion I have selected for myself—this is the person whom I have chosen to advise, and direct my conduct—whom I have appointed to take that place once appropriated to my honoured mother—alas? I can never find either pleasure or consolation from Miss Nutcombe—And what am I to think of her insinuations against my lamented parent? I will rest satisfied," added she, "until time shall develope the mystery, convinced that such a woman well knew to whom she confided her only child."—Just as she had come to this determination, a servant entered and presented her the following letter.

—

TO MISS WALSINGHAM.

"*My dear Ward,*

"ALTHOUGH not personally acquainted with you, permit me to condole with you, on an event which can scarcely have caused you more affliction than it has given to all my family. We knew the character we lament; and believe me, my dear Miss Walsingham, nothing but the illness of Lady Newark should prevent my hastening in person to prove myself honoured by the precious charge commited to my care.—Captain Latimer, my nephew, will be happy to receive any commands you may honour him with until the time of my return; at which period, if your grandfather will permit it, Lady Newark hopes you will consider Cavendish-square as your residence—but your own wishes shall decide on this point. Believe me, I remain with the utmost respect,

"Your faithful and obliged

"NEWARK."

Clara returned a polite note, requesting a few days consideration, and that she would then take the liberty of mentioning some affairs to Captain Latimer, in which she should like to have his directions, if he would favour her with his address. The servant returned with that gentleman's compliments, and he hoped Miss Walsingham would allow him the favour of waiting on her the next day. Clara complied with this request—and Latimer having once gained an introduction to her, a day seldom passed without his spending some part of it in the house of Mr. Nutcombe.—Miss Gertrude did not fail to remark the frequency of these visits, and, with the penetration usually attendant on old *maidism*, soon discovered Captain Latimer's motive for them; but was quite at a loss with regard to Clara's sentiments concerning him; however, having put the merits of the captain into competition with the expectations of her niece, she found the balance so nearly equal, that she doubted not his fine person would greatly preponderate the scale in his favour. And now having taken it into her wise head that her niece was in love with the captain, she endeavoured to find some mode of rendering this new discovery a means whereby she might effectually exercise the art of tormenting—which was an art in which Miss Gertrude had been a proficient for many years; in consequence of this laudable resolve, as soon as possible after Latimer left the room, (having paid his diurnal visit) she began as follows:—"I would advise you, Miss Walsingham, to be circumspect in your conduct respecting that young man—he is as likely to be Lord Newark's son as his nephew, for any thing we know to the contrary; and now I think of it, this accounts for his likeness to your mother."—"Good God! madam,"—cried Clara, lifting up her hands and eyes in astonishment, "what is it you mean to insinuate?" "It is well known child," replied Miss Gertrude, "and you I dare say, are acquainted with it, notwithstanding this affectation of innocence, that your mother had a son after the death of Mr. Walsingham, your father!" "How can you madam," cried Clara, "credit the reports of a vile and scandalous world?—but I should like to know whether many women have not been in the same situation? even sup-

posing it were true, might she not have been pregnant at the time of my father's death?" "No, no, Miss Walsingham—but I say nothing—only advise you to be circumspect, for take my word for it, and you may be satisfied by enquiring, your mother (or the world wickedly belies her) lay in at ——, in Scotland, exactly two years after the demise of Mr. Walsingham." "I will not, madam," exclaimed Clara, rising from her seat, her face flushed with anger, and her whole frame trembling from the same emotion, "I will not suffer the fame of my mother to be vilified in my presence—from this hour we meet no more, until you can condescend to apologize for your late cruel and improper conduct." So saying, she quitted the room, and ordering the carriage, hurried to the house of Lord Newark.

This happened some time after his lordship's return, and was the very morning when our hero surprised her in tears, seated on the sopha with young Mathuen. Lord Newark had contrary to her expectation, instead of clearing up the circumstances of his intercourse with her mother, rather enveloped it in greater mystery; while his son had made a confession which almost exceeded her belief, and which harrassed her mind with a thousand racking doubts, fears, and anxieties, for she thought it almost impossible it could be cleared up to her satisfaction. The subsequent scene which occurred between herself and Lewisham, for the present turned the channel of her thoughts, and intirely precluded all unpleasant retrospection. While she felt herself depressed at the thoughts of his quitting England, and exposing himself to the dangers of the ocean, the damps of a strange climate, and the horrors of war—her heart secretly exulted in the confession which had that morning escaped his lips; sometimes she blamed her own prudish reserve, which had suffered him to remain in an error, concerning Latimer; then, again, she applauded her own self-denial, and rejoiced that he was yet ignorant of her sentiments in his favour.

Mr. Mathuen soon after called, and resolved to convince her aunt that she had been in earnest in the threat of the morning. She requested he might be shewn into the dining-parlour, and hasted down to receive him; he remained with her only a short time, and he had no sooner quitted the house than his cousin Latimer entered, and desired her to give him an audience only for five minutes. "Ah! my dear Miss Walsingham," cried he, "am I really to believe the information of my uncle? do you absolutely discard me?" "Captain Latimer," said Clara, "I will be very candid with you—I am really sorry for the honour you have conferred upon me, I feel myself infinitely indebted to you for the many attentions I have received from you, and I wish it were in my power to make you any return."—"O, Clara!" said he, taking her hand, "it is in your power to return it—one smile of yours will repay an age of misery—

"Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy health to labourers spent with pain,
Nor showers to larks or sunshine to the bee,
Is half so charming as thy sight to me!"

"Captain Latimer," said Clara, withdrawing her hand, "be reasonable for once—do you think I should bestow on you any favour were I to give you my hand alone?" "But I will both have your hand and heart," cried he, "if tears, if prayers can woo you to be mine—if the humblest adoration, the fondest love, can hope to gain your heart, it shall be mine."—"Our characters," returned Clara, are by no means suited to each other; our tempers are opposite, our opinions differ in many essential points."—"But you know," replied Latimer, "that a modern author, thinks contrast the strongest possible reason for affection."—But as I am not of his opinion," said Clara, smiling, "and should not like to hazard my happiness upon the speculation of a visionary, you will give me leave to think for myself." "O Clara, Clara!" exclaimed Latimer, "will you not suffer me to try the effects of time and assiduity?"

"I will not deceive you," replied she, "I will, from the opinion I entertain for you, and the confidence I have in your honour, reveal to you my situation, if ever I marry, my affections are irrevocably engaged."—"Miss Walsingham," cried Latimer, looking at her with astonishment, "how I honour, and applaud your candour, even though it renders me miserable; may heaven shower its choicest blessings upon you, and may you be happy, as happy as you deserve to be; and laying his hand on his breast, he exclaimed—

"To him whom heaven has form'd thy mate,
Thus all thy beauties I resign;
He boasts, alas! a happier fate,
But not a purer flame than mine!"

Clara smiled, and shook her head—"you cannot" said she, "forget your old trick of rallying."—"But my heart is ill at ease; notwithstanding, Clara, I have one favour yet to ask, and *that* I hope you will not deny me."—"Any thing that is in my power to grant," returned Clara, "to oblige you."—"Ah! you are too good, and I fear—

'So sweetly she bade me farewell,
Methought that she bade me return.'——

But you will, charming Miss Walsingham, promise me the continuation of your esteem, and permit me the honour of ranking myself among the number of your friends."—"Undoubtedly," said she, "I will, and believe me, I shall at all times be proud of the honour conferred upon me—I wish you a good morning."—"Bon jour," said he, pressing her hand to his lips, "ma belle amie! adieu!" And he hurried out of the room before she had time to make any reply.—The remainder of the day passed in a stupid tete-a-tete with Miss Gertrude, that lady having condescended to make an apology, and thus harmony was once more restored to Mr. Nutcombe's family. Miss Gertrude thinking it wiser to continue on good terms with our heroine, now became servilely officious; and Clara, wishing to conciliate her favour, received her civilities with complacency.

SELF KNOWLEDGE,

THERE was inscribed over the door of the temple of Apollo, at Delphos, in golden letters, this precept, "*know thyself.*" It was a maxim held in the highest veneration by the ancient philosophers and sages; and though the author of it is supposed to have been Thales, a famous Grecian philosopher who flourished about six hundred years before Christ, the ancients thought it to be too weighty, too sublime, to have entered in the heart of man, unless by inspiration from Heaven: accordingly they gave it the authority of a divine oracle, and ascribed it to Apollo, the god of Wisdom.

Self-knowledge, including both a distinct acquaintance with the various relations one stands in, and a correct view of his own character, is a summary of moral science. "All our knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW." Self-knowledge illumines the path of life, and is essentially necessary to propriety of conduct: it is the parent of self-government, prudence, modesty and humility: and without it, one's knowledge is "science falsly so called." This most useful and excellent knowledge, though it is attainable

by all, is actually attained by only a very few; and is, in fact, a rarity in the world. Man is, in some respects, a most mysterious and preposterous creature; and particularly there is in the human nature a strange aversion to self-acquaintance. As the eye, while it views, with clearness, surrounding and even distant objects, does not see itself, so the generality of mankind expatiate abroad and are strangers at home, seldom making *themselves* the subject of critical and impartial examination: "hence man walketh in a vain shew," and absurdity and folly abound.

"*Know then thyself.*"—If thou wishest to be the pupil of wisdom, "unclasp the secret book."—Bare thy bosom to thine own inspection: let thy secret thoughts, thy dispositions and inclinations, thy habitual likings and aversions, thy undisguised naked character, pass daily in review before thine own eyes, and endure the *ordeal* of stern impartial criticism. Also *correct*, as well as *revise*; so shall the light of truth beam upon thy ways, and the trees of Paradise shall feed thee with their fruit.

INFLUENCE OF IMITATIVE TONES AND REPRESENTATIONS.

[*From* COGAN'S *Philosophical Treatise on the Passions*.]

WE are so constituted as to be strongly affected by any *representation* of particular states and situations, notwithstanding we are convinced that they are imaginary or artificial. Mere tones, attitudes, gestures, imitating or resembling any of those produced by one or other of the passions and affections, are calculated to excite emotions and correspondent feelings in susceptible minds. Like musical instruments attuned to the same key, our feelings are made to vibrate with the vibrations of surrounding objects. Even the voice and accents of inferior animals, expressive either of fear, or pain, or lamentation, or joy, or affection, have a tendency to render us apprehensive, cheerful, melancholy, or sympathizing. Rude and harsh sounds not only create unpleasant sensations, but suggest unpleasant and foreboding ideas in all those who have not corrected their sensations by their reason. It is from this kind of association probably, that the croaking of the raven and the scream of the night-owl are so universally deemed *ominous of mischief* by the ignorant. The sprightly music of the feathered songsters inspires an exhilarating vivacity. The solitary and melodious notes of the nightingale, the cooing of the turtle-dove, &c. have always furnished imagery for poets in their description of the tender passion of love, or sympathetic sorrow. The bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the kine, &c. although they possess no real melody in themselves, yet as they denote the affection of the dam for its offspring, they universally inspire a pleasing sympthetic tenderness.

The principal charms of the music, which aims at a higher character, than that of a difficult or rapid execution, consist in the imitation of those tones and movements which are most intimately connected with the passions and affections of the soul; which exhilarate the spirits, and excite to the sprightly or graceful dance, arouse and animate, induce a bewitching melancholy, or diffuse a pleasing serenity over the mind; which charm by displaying something like the power of persuasive eloquence without words, holding a kind of conversation without ideas, and exciting whatever disposition the artist pleases, without suggesting a motive.

It has been occasionally remarked in our analysis, that the powerful influence of any exciting cause manifests itself by emotions correspondent to the nature of the passions; to seize these external appearances, or to imitate the expressive looks, attitudes, and gestures peculiar to each, is the professed object of the statuary and historic painter: and to do justice to the characteristic emotions, constitutes the difficulty and excellency of their art. It is the professed design of these to excite some emotion or call forth some particular affection correspondent to the nature of their object. Although the power of the sculptor is confined to forms and attitudes principally, yet how interesting may these be rendered to the spectator! Who can contemplate the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, without admiring the human shape in its characteristic beauties? or the *dancing Fawns*, without partaking of their vivacity? Or the *Farnese Hercules*, without a degree of awe? or the *Laocoon* and his sons, without a mixture of compassion and horror? Or any of these, without being astonished at the skill, ingenuity, or sublimity of the artist? The entusiastic encomiums bestowed upon the paintings of celebrated masters: the eagerness with which their labours are purchased; the wealth and renown, which the most distinguished of them enjoy; and the respect paid to their memories, demonstrate the amazinge effect of their performances upon the mind; the strength of our sympathy with every representation of passion; and the surprise we experience that these powerful effects are produced by the mere distribution of colours, or of lights and shades, upon board or canvass!

The successful dramatic writer catches the ideas and imitates the language of every passion, emotion, and affection in their different stages and degrees. His professed object is to suppose a diversity of characters, and to support them with a correspondent train of ideas; to inspire them with predilections and aversions, or call forth particular passions and affections, according to the situations in which he has placed them. His hopes of success depend upon the closeness of the imitation; and success itself consists in being able to interest the heart, by exciting affections and emotions similar to those, which would be felt by the reader or spectator, were he an immediate witness to similar scenes in real life.

The complete *Actor* possesses the happy talent of expressing by manner the state of mind represented by his author. He adopts what modern orators reject; and attempts to give force to pertinent ideas and language by imitative tones, gestures, and countenance, which he varies according to the versatile state of those who are tossed upon the billows of passion, or agitated by some contending emotions, or under the more permanent influence of particular affections.

In theatrical exhibitions there is a conspiracy to delude the imagination; and all the powers of sympathy are called forth to produce the effect. Correspondent scenery points out to the spectator the very spot of action, and characteristic dresses exert their influence to aid the deception. The spectator leaves every idea of real life at the door of entrance, and voluntarily yields himself up to the pleasing delusion. He finds himself in a new world. He is transported in an instant into distant regions, and remote ages, and feels in fiction all the force of truth. He laughs at mimic folly, sincerely weeps at artificial misery, is inspired with horror and indignation at imaginary baseness, and is in an ecstasy of joy at counterfeit happiness!

Sympathy of souls is a powerful auxiliary to human happiness.

WHITTLERS.

[*From the Maryland Gazette.*]

JOSEPH ADDISON and Richard Steele, of famous memory in the time of queen Anne, of England, employed their splendid abilities in writing short periodical essays, principally for correcting the foibles of the men and women of their days, exposing ridiculous customs and fashions, and amending manners. They have been followed by a great number of ingenious men who have successfully pursued their tract, and therefore a man of the present time, who should adopt their plan, would be at a loss for subjects, unless he should be constantly borrowing, or rather stealing their ideas.

Although I am a very young man, I have long wished to imitate those illustrious writers; but I have been hitherto prevented, merely by considering the dearth of new materials. Happily I have discovered at last a diverting, though mischievous practice, which prevails very much in this city and which, I believe, has never been touched upon by any writer whatever; but which is a very delectable subject for an essayist. If I deemed it to come under the denomination of a crime, I would not here notice it. But many of the persons addicted to the practice, are men of worth, and fit to be trusted in most things; provided only that certain edged tools are kept out of the way.

But not to keep my reader in suspense, or render my preface tiresome beyond bearing, I will inform him at once that, *whittling* is the subject I have chosen for my first essay.

Peradventure the meaning of the terms *whittle*, *whittleing* and *whittler*, may not be generally known.

A *whittler* then is a person, who as soon as he seats himself out of his own house, near a pine table, or ballustrade, or finds a convenient piece of timber, of any kind, takes out his pen-knife and employs it with great diligence and perseverance in cutting letters or notches, or scooping, or pairing, or shaving, &c. &c. just as his fancy dictates. Nay, sometimes the back of a chair, or even mahogany furniture does not escape.

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WHITTLERS.

[*From the Maryland Gazette.*]

Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, of famous memory in the time of queen Anne, of England, employed their splendid abilities in writing short periodical essays, principally for correcting the foibles of the men and women of their days, exposing ridiculous customs and fashions, and amending manners. They have been followed by a great number of ingenious men who have successfully pursued their tract, and therefore a man of the present time, who should adopt their plan, would be at a loss for subjects, unless he should be constantly borrowing, or rather stealing their ideas.

Although I am a very young man, I have long wished to imitate those illustrious writers; but I have been hitherto prevented, merely by considering the dearth of new materials. Happily I have discovered at last a diverting, though mischievous practice, which prevails very much in this city and which, I believe, has never been touched upon by any writer whatever; but which is a very delectable subject for an essayist. If I deemed it to come under the denomination of a crime, I would not here notice it. But many of the persons addicted to the practice, are men of worth, and fit to be trusted in most things; provided only that certain edged tools are kept out of the way.

But not to keep my reader in suspense, or render my preface tiresome beyond bearing, I will inform him at once that, *whittling* is the subject I have chosen for my first essay.

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Temple of the Muses.

THE CHILD OF SORROW's TALE.

DENY but do not taunt a maid
Who never scorn with scorn repays;
Proud man, though now I ask your aid,
Mine alas! were happier days;
But sorrow mark'd me for her own,
Before I told my twentieth year—
Yet when my friends began to frown,
I but reproach'd them with—A TEAR.

I ne'er could frame the harsh reply,
The look—mankind my feeling fear'd;
E'en when I met disdain's cold eye,
E'en when I cruel language heard.
I've seen my friend, my earliest friend,
Refuse my tale of woe to hear;
Yet still unwilling to offend,
All my remembrance was—A TEAR.

And I have known the sland'rer's tongue
My fame with vile dishonour taint,
Yet on my lips no curses hung,
The *mournful mind* was my complaint.
And I was forced by cruel pow'r
To leave the scenes I held most dear;
O! 'twas indeed a trying hour!
Yet all my language was—A TEAR.

And I have known the youth I lov'd
Retract the vows he swore to me;
Behold my pallid cheek unmov'd,
And smiling, boast that he was free!
Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)
I saw him woo a maid more dear;
But I was mute, I only shed—
No—no!—I could *not shed*—A TEAR.

Ah! full was then my cup of grief—
Friends, fortune, lover, fame, all lost—
A beggar now, I ask relief,
A small a *trifling* boon at most.
Still can you chide me from your door?
Ah, no!—your looks compassion wear—
So large a gift!—O! *words* were poor—
I thank, I bless you, in—A TEAR!

THE LOVER's DREAM.

From D'Israeli's Romances.

CHRYSTAL *World!* thy shadows pour!
Land where *fancy* builds her *bower!*
In thy silver circle deep
Lies the *treasury* of sleep;
Many a glittering dream of air,
Many a picturing phantom there!
Shades of soft ideas, blest
Images of happiness!

Last night, in sleep, my *Love* did speak,
I press'd her *hand*, I kiss'd her *cheek*.
Her *forehead* was with softness hung;
Soft as the timid moon when young.
Two founts of silvery light unfold,
With *eye-balls* dropping liquid gold.
Her *brows* nor part, nor join their jet;
Her *teeth* like pearls in coral set.

Her *bosom* gave its odorous swell,
Each breathing wave now rose now fell;
And oft the flying blushes deck
With vermil light her marble *neck*.
Ah! union strange of *chaste desire!*
Mixt in her *cheek* were *snow* and *fire!*
My lips a million kisses pour
Her silver shining *body* o'er.

Lengthening her crisp'd *locks* embraced
The *beauty* laughing round her *waist;*
These snare the soul, these wake the sigh;
I gaz'd till madness fir'd the eye!
The soft-clos'd *lips* I view'd awhile,
Just open'd with the tenderest *smile!*
I heard her *voice*, but, too intent,
The *dream* dissolv'd as still I leant!—

Yet till the day-break lit the sky,
That not one word might ever die,
Repeated o'er and o'er each *word*,
Till *something like her voice* was heard.
Thou friend to *love!* romantic *night!*
Now hang a painted dream like this;
I grasp a *shadow of delight*,
A painted dream is all my *bliss!*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A FABLE.

YOUNG women!—don't be so fond of killing,
Too well I know your hearts are unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm,
Yet, yet if Prudence be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own:
But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,
Those lips where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
"What is a charm if never seen?
"You really are a pretty creature:
"Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
"Come up and shew your modest mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride,
"That wish'd to dash the public eye:
"Indeed I own I am afraid—
"I think there's safety in the shade;
"Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
"See how I wanton in the wind;
"I feel no danger's dread alarms:
"And then observe the god of day,
"How amorous with his golden ray,
"To pay his visit to my charms."

No sooner said, but with a scream,
She started from her favourite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his pat
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile,
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

LOVE AND LUST.

By Sellick Osborne.

LUST, like a rav'nous tiger, springs,
With savage gust, upon its prey,
And on the lovely object brings
The marks of ruin and decay.

LOVE, like the bee, with gentle power,
Extracts the honey of delight,
Sips every sweet, nor wounds the flower
On which his tender pinions light.

LUST, like a furnace breathing fire,
Embraces only to destroy;
And, in the ardor of desire,
Blasts every comfort, every joy!

LOVE, like the genial sun of May,
Emits its kind refreshing beams,
Drives each intruding cloud away,
And o'er life's varied landscape gleams.

LUST, like a mighty deluge pours
Dismay and terror where it flows;
Poor victims shudder while it roars,
And wake to horror from repose!

LOVE, like the gently winding rill,
Glides peaceful o'er the verdant green,
Where every boist'rous care is still,
And all is tranquil, all serene.